The State Journal. THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MULCHING sagacious fruit grower, near New Bruns-wick, N. J., mulches his place heavily, and never removes it from one year's end to the other. His soil is always cool and mellow, and his trees and vines never suf-fer from heat.

PRESERVING GIRDLED TREES.—A correspondent of The Country Gentleman says: Some six or eight years ago I had a very fine Heart cherry tree that had become infested with worms around the root, and the bark was loosened all around for a foot or fifteen inches up the trunk. I piled earth up around the tree for four or ive inches above the infected parts-(after cleaning the insects off effectually,) as soon as the ground was thawed in the spring; and since then the mice girdled some very fine young apple trees—treated them the same way, and it did finely. Could not see that it stopped the growth in the least. PRESERVING GIRDLED TREES .- A cor

MANURE FOR POTATOES.-An exchange Manure for Potatoes.—An exchange says the following receipt for raising potatoes is worth the price of any paper for one year to any farmer who is short of manure. It is said to be as good as the best superphosphates of lime, and will certainly not cost half so much. It has been tried two years, and is good on dry land. It says: "Take one cask of lime and slack it with water, and then stir in one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in "Come and have a glass of beer with

spondent asks what is the best soil for the peach, stating that it is a common opinion that it succeeds best on one that is light or sandy. Our own observations indicate that a strong loam, or even a clay, is better than light sand, provided there is a well drained subsoil. In portions of New Jersey we have observed that where the soil was light, the orchards generally survived but a few years after beginning to bear; at the same time we have seen trees in adjoining regions, where clay predominated, that were thirty years old and healthy, and eight inches in diameter. A prominent reason, if we mistake not, why the light soils have been so generally preferred for 'peach orchards, is the better draining below commonly existing in such soil. No fruit trees, except the apricot, is as sensitive to wet feet as the peach; and so many soils of a heavy observeds are lis-

antil as thick as hasty pudding; stir constantly, and let it boil five minutes. Severo with syrup, butter and sugar, sweetened cream, or anything to suit the tasts. When cold, cut in slices and fry a nice hrown, on a griddle or in the spider, with a little butter, and serve as above. It is a quick and palatable desert for dinner or breakfast.

BETTER DAYS.—There is something deeply and peculiarly affecting in the expression—agrided to persons in distress—"they have seen better days." No class upon our sympathy touches us so nearly tast his. When woman, in particular, the time of the spider of the spider our compassion; for we are usually inclined to presume, and with probability, that though she is a participator in the sudery on cleen, made, the continuity of the summanded, but I couldn't get any thinner as I gave and a success on the fail with uncomplaining middlen, see could not have had any shore in producing it. Of all objects of pity, indeed, under the sun, the woman who has undergone a change in her estate, and bears her fall with uncomplaining middlen, successed the most truly and profoundly interessing. Shoeless, garmonies, houseless poverty, poverty that site by the wayside begging, with its its may wants obtraded on every hand, never souches the soul with a pang a hundred that the story of the woman who has "seen better days."

A barrister entering the court with his wig ""Nothing but the head," replied part so acute, as does the shrinking, carrially conceased indigence of the woman who has "seen better days."

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Chambers' Journal. Burglariously and Feloniously.

We had just locked up the safe, and I We had just locked up the safe, and I had put the key in my pocket—I am the accountant of the North and South of England Bank at its Padsey Branch, W. R., Yorks—I had got my hat on, and had taken up my umbrella, when a man came running into the bank with a bag of money in his hand.

"Am I in time?" he cried. I shook my lead

"Deuce take it!" he said: "and I'm off to Liverpool by the next train, and then to America. "Sorry for it," I said; "but we can't

"Sorry for it," I said; "but we can't take the money."

"Well, then, what is to be done? Here's twenty-two thousand pounds in this bag, and those drafts of mine come due in a couple of days. Well, you'll have to take 'em up,' he said; "I can't, unless you take the money in to-night."

I knew that those drafts were coming due, and that our manager was a little anxious about them, for they were rather heavy, and the other names on them were not very good. Black, too, (that was the man with the money-bag)—Black was a capital customer; and not only a good customer imself, but he brought good ascounts with him, and we were a young branch and on our mettle.

Well, here was the money to meet the drafts, snyhow, and I should have been a

land. It says: "Take one cask of lime and slack it with water, and then stir in one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in loam or ashes enough, so that it will not become mortar; it will make about five barrels. Put in half a pint in a hill at planting. All manures containing potash are particularly suitable for the potato. Ashes contain more potash than any other natural fertilizer, and should be freely used and carefully saved.

PEACHES ON CLAY SOIL.—A correspondent asks what is the best soil for the peach, stating that it is a common opinion that it succeeds best on one that is light or sandy. Our own observations indicate that a strong loam, or even a clay, is better than light sand, provided there is a well drained subsoil. In portions of New Jersey we have observed that where the soil was light, the orchards generally survived but a few years after beginning to bear; at the same time we have seen trees in adjoining regions, where clay predominated, that were thirty years old and healthy, and eight inches in diameter. A prominent reason, if we mistake not, why

struck up for the dances as I hopped back into my room. I hid my head amongst the bolsters and amffs, and almost cried; the bolsters and mmfs, and almost cried; for I'm such a delicate-minded man. Yes, it hurt me a good deal more than it did Mrs. Markby, for, would you believe it?—she told the story down below to the whole company, with pantominic action, and when I showed myself at the door of the drawing-room, I was received with shouts of inextinguished laughter!

I think I called the Yorkshire people dense just now, didn't I? Well, I'll add another epithet, coarse, dense and coarse. I told 'em so: but they only laughed the more.

more.

The guests were gone, the lights were out, slumber had just visited my eyes, when right into my brain, starting me up as if I d been shot, came a noise, a sort of the light of the as if I'd been shot, came a noise, a sort of dull bursting noise. I wasn't really certain at first whether I had heard a noise or only dreamed of it. I sat up in bed and listened intently. Was it only my pulse thumping in my cars, or were those regular beats the tramp of somebody's muffled feet! Then I heard an unmistakable sound—creak, creak, creak—a door being opened slowly and cautiously. All in a moment the idea flashed into my head—Twenty-two Thousand Pounds. You see, all this dancing and innettine, and lauch—all this dancing and innettine, and lauch. moment the idea flashed into my head—
Twenty-two Thousand Pounds. You see, all this dancing and junketing, and laughing and chafing, had completely driven out of my mind all thought of the large sum I had in my possession. I had left it in my greateoat pocket, which was hanging up in the hall, down stairs.

Puff! a gust of wind came through the house, rattling the doors and windows; and then I heard a door slam, and a footstep outside of some one stealing cautiously away.

Away down-stairs I went like a mad-

Away down-stairs I went like a mad-Away down-stairs I went like a mad-man, my one thought to put my hand on that greatcoat. It was a brown greatcoat with long tails, and two pockets behind, and a little cash-pocket on the left-hand side in front, and this breast-pocket in which I had put the bag of money. This pocket wasn't, as is usual, on the left-hand side, but on the right. There was no other coat hanging on those rails, only my wife's waterproof. What! whoop I made to get hold of that coat. Great heavens! it was gone!

hold of that coat. Great heavens! it was gone!

I had carefully barred and chained the front door before I went to bed—now it was unfastened. I ran out into the street, and looked up and down, hopeless and bewildered. It was a dark, damp night: the lamp at the corner threw a long sickly ray down the streaming pavement, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Everything was still, and cold and dark.

The money was clean group—yes, it was

you leave it all to us; we shall have Joe

for the next. We'll give him a bit of rope, like."

I couldn't put any fire into the man, do what I could; he was civil, that is for a Yorkshireman: impassive; he'd do what I could; he was civil, that is for a Yorkshireman: impassive; he'd do what was right. I'd given the information; very well, all the rest was his business.

So I came home miserable, despairing. It was just daylight by this time, and as I opened the shutters, the debris of our feast was revealed; the lees of the lobster salad, the picked bones of the chickens, the melted residuum of the jellies; whilst about everything hung the faint smell of sour wine. I sat down amid all this wretched mess, and leaned my head on my arms in dull, miserable lethargy. Then I sprang up, and as I did so I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. Good I Heavens! was this wretched hang-dog fellow myself? Did a few hours' misery change a man like this? Why, I was a very fellon in appearance; and so I should be thought to be. Who would believe in the story of a robbery? Why, the police didn't believe in it, else they'd have taken upon as a thief by all the world.

Then my wife came down stairs, and, with a few touches, restored a little order and sanity, both to outward matters and my mind. She brough me some coffee and an egg and some bread and butter, and after I had caten and drunk, I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Jack," she said, "you must go to Lon-"

and after I had esten and drunk, I didn't feel quite so bad.
"Jack," she said, "you must go to London at once, and see the directors. Have the first word, and tell them all about it—all the particulars. It was only a little bit of carelessness, after all, and perhaps they'll look over it."
"Yes; that's all very well," I said. "But how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleared us right jout."

how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleared us right out."

"Borrow some of Cousins."

"He saked me to lend him a sovereign last night, and I couldn't."

Now, you'll say: "Here's a man without resource. Why didn't he pawn his watch?" To tell you the truth, that's what I did the week before, and the money was all gone. "Then under these circumstances," you'll add, "it was immoral to give a party." But, you'll bear in mind, the invitations had been out for a fortnight, and then we were in funds.

"Well, Jack," said my wife, "you must get the man—the P. B.—to give you some more money on the watch. Sell it to him right out. It must be worth at least ten pounds, for it cost thirty, and you've only had five upon it. Sell the ticket."

Yes; but where was the ticket? Why, in the little cash-pocket of my brown greatcoat. Still, I had heard, that if you'd lost a ticket, you could make the man give you another; and Brooks, the pawn-broker, was a respectable fellow, who perhaps would help me out of my difficulty. I went to him anyhow, on my way to the station. I felt like a ticket-of-leave man as I went into his shop, but I put a good face upon it.

"Brooks," I said, "that watch—you

See A story. It and a very more than the story of the sto "The second of Brooks, and the second of the point of the point of the second of the point Transfusion of Blood.

A memoir recently published upon the transfusion of blood from one living subject to another, mentions, as the principal points reached in the investigations of the author, first, that blood collected and kept in contact with the air at a medium temperature remains unchanged in its constituent histological condition, and preserves bours; second, that the red globules, sacte urrated with oxygen, are the actual reviet, fing principle, the fibrir no being an establishment of its flurin is to be preferred to that in its fluor of all the constant in the control of the same species, can revirify that individual, compensating for loss of blood, fulling all the functions of the number of the line of the same way we can combat an alternation of the blood, by exchanging it for the discount of the line of the same way we can combat an alternation of the blood, by exchanging it for the annew the second of the line of the second o

An Anti-Chinese Blast.

American race for work, wages and happiness. It blows this bugle blast:

While the leading nation of Europe is taking measures to prevent its intelligent and able-bodied citizens from emigrating to other lands, right here at home we are bringing in squads of mean-minded wretches who feed on refuse matter, and are thereby enabled to work for a mere pittance, to supplant men who have families to support and educate, men who are citizens, and who in time of war will be called upon to shoulder the musket in the common defense. We know of no legislation to interfere with such business, but public sentiment ought to frown upon it. It is a debasing thing. If our manufacturing establishments can not be carried on without importing such operatives, we will simply drive stout, sensible white men from this whole vast field of labor, and put in every manufacturing community a colony of disgusting laborers who have no part or parcel in our best institutions, no sympathy in common with anything we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we are to compete with foreign industry, let us not talk any more in the halls of Congress about pauper labor. Furl up the protection flag and bring on these squat heathen who burlesque humanity. Let them take your money, but when

"The biast of war blows in our cars,"

"The blast of war blows in our ears," do not go to the men who would not cat filth in order to retain their situations and ask them to fulfill the gravest duty of a

Pretty Women.

Pretty Women.

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forswern the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek for it himself, he is guessed to be frivolous, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whispers that 'his morals are no better than they should be. In society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis, but that of a model or guardsman.

But woman does for mankind what man ceases to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful. Evon as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arms, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with silent interest, the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen.

Insensibly she becomes an artist, her trom is a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvas, of Michael Angelo over marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art creation, the result of patience, of hopes, and of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings.

Woman is never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sun-

cate touchings and retouchings.

Woman is never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her check; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the clastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her check, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by.

An Anti-Chinese Blast.

The substitution of Chinese for white labor in the Beaver Falls (Penn.) Cutlery Works has roused the indignation of the Pillsburgh Chronicle. That journal seems to think that John Chinaman's food disqualifies him from taking any part in the American race for work, wages and happiness. It blows this bugle blast:

While the leading nation of Europe is taking measures to prevent its intelligent and able-bodied citizens from emigrating to other lands, right here at home we are bringing in squads of mean-minded wretches who feed on refuse matter, and are thereby enabled to work for a mere pittance, to supplant men who have families to support and educate, men who are citizens, and who in time of war will be called upon to shoulder the musket in the common defense. We know of no legislation to interfere with such business, but public sentiment ought to frown upon it. It is a debasing thing. If our manufacturing establishments can not be carried on without importing such operatives, we will simply drive stout, sensible white men from this whole vast field of labor, and put in every manufacturing community a colony of disgusting laborers who have no part or parcel in our best institutions, no sympathy in common with anything we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we enjoy as a people, If this is the way we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we enjoy as a people, If this is the way we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we enjoy as a people, If this is the way we enjoy as a people. If this is the way we enjoy as a people, If this is the way we have a not talk any more in the halls of Congress about pauper labor. Furl up the protection flag and bring on these squat healthen who burlesque humanity. Let them take your money, but when

C. is now a member of Congress, from one of the most populous districts of Michigan, and has already given evidence of a certain kind of political tact, not radically different from that poculiar readiness and skill in cases of emergency, by the exercise of which he acquired that local celebrity as a jury advocate, that, after many unsuccessful efforts, resulted in his nomination and election to the great debating club of ring speculators at Washington, facetiously called the United States Congress. The means by which he descended from a respectable country attorney to a member of Congress is illustrated by an anecdote, familiar to the members of the bar of more than one circuit in Michigan. Judge W., of Detroit, who presided over the circuit court for the circuit adjoining the one where C. lived and practiced, went out to St. Clair to hold a term of the court, accompanied by Mr. L., one of the best lawyers of Detroit, and by far the best advocate in the State. The testimony on both sides having been closed, Mr. L. suggested a point of law that settled the case in his favor, and after producing abundance of authorities to sustain his position, remarked that as the law was conceiled by C. there remained nothing more but for the court to direct the jury to bring in a remarked that as the law was conceiled by C. there remained nothing more but for the court to direct the jury to bring in a verdict for his (L.'s) client, and supposing the matter disposed of, sat down—when C. rose with both hands thrust into his trowsers pockets, and with his foot placing a spittoon easy in range, between himself and the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, this Detroit judge and this Detroit lawyer have come up here to try this case, and they seem to have had it pretty much their own way, so far, and they think now because they have something in a law that I have not hought worth while to consult, that there is nothing for us to do. But, gentlemen, I propose to talk about this case, and you desire to hear me talk, and, gentlemen, if we stick together we will be

At a trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lidy of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me ?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither an Indian, a negro, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

counsel.

Old Judge Aiken, of Greenfield, Mass., was quite famous for his extra-judicial opinions. One of them runs as follows: Presiding at the trial of one Fisk for an aggravated crime, and the jury having brought in a verdier of "guilty," Judge Aiken said: "Fisk, stand up. For the crime, of which you have been convicted, you are condemned to solitary confinement for one day, and to imprisonment during the rest of your natural life—and I wish it was in my power to sentence you longer."

Two old comrades of the 66th N. Y. V.

Two old comrades of the 69th N. Y. V., Two old comrades of the 69th N. Y. V., the famous Irish regiment, having run across each other again, were baving a pretty jolly time. After getting well warmed up, Patrick said: "Jimmy, we must give a toast to the old Sixty-ninth." And sure, Patrick, we must, and here goes: 'Here is to the glorions old Sixty-ninth, the last to go into battle, and the first to lave." "Ah, no, Jimmy, that is not good; that will niver do. I will give one: 'Here is to the glorious old Sixty-ninth, aqual to none."

LEGAL NOTICES.

Trustee's and Assignee's Sale.

WHERAS, JOHN T. CRAVEN, BY HIS
certain Deed of Trust, dated the 28th day
of December, A. D. 1893, and recorded in the
Recorder's office of Cole county, Missouri, in
Book "W," on pages 181, 182 and 183, conveyed
to the undersigned, N. C. Burch, as trustee, the
following described real estate, situate in the
county of Cole, and State of Missouri, to wit:
The east half of the northeast quarter of the
mortheast quarter of section 3; the
county of Cole, and State of Missouri, to wit:
The east half of the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, section 3; and all that part of the
west half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, section 3; and all that part of the
west half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 3; lying south of the road
leading to Jefferson City; all in township 44 of
range 12, containing ninety-one and twenty-five
hundredths acres, more or less, in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note
in askid deed of trust mentioned and described;
and whereas the payment of said note was
afterwards assumed by Horace Wilcox who
purchased the said real estate, subject to the encumbrance of the said deed of trust; and whereas default has been made in the payment of said
note; and whereas the said Horace Wilcox was
afterwards, to-wit: On the 5th day of July, A.
D. 1872, duly adjudged and declared a bankrupt
by the District Court of the United States for
the holder of said whereas, by an order of said
Court, made on the 19th day of December, 1872,
the said Trustee in a sale of said property under
the provisions of the said deed of trust; Now,
therefore, public notice is hereby given that the
bankruptey; and whereas, by an order of said
Court, made on the 19th day of December, 1872,
the said trustee in a sale of said property under
the said dread of trust, and at the request of
the holder of said note, in conjunction with said
Assignees acting under said order, will on Trustee's and Assignee's Sale.

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Wholesale and Retail HAVING RECENTLY BOUGHT THE EN-dire stock of the late John Mebel at re-markably low prices they are prepared to give their Customers unusually good bargains. Call and see, at

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